

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES

EDITED BY

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THE DIWAN OF ABU'L-ALA

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WISDOM OF THE EAST

THE DIWAN OF
,

ABU'L-ALA

BY HENRY BAERLEIN

Author of "In Pursuit of Delight," "The Shide of the Balkans," "Irrawand," &c.

The stars have sunk from the celestial bowers,
And in the garden have been turned to flowers

MUFANID, *in captivity*



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TO DR. E. J. DILLON

NOW the book is finished, so far as I shall finish it. There is, my friend, but this one page to write. And, more than probably, this is the page of all the book that I shall never wish to blot. Increasing wisdom or, at any rate, experience will make me frown, I promise you, some time or other at a large proportion of the pages of this volume. But when I look upon your name I hear a troop of memories, and in their singing is my happiness.

When you receive this book, presuming that the Russian Censor does not shield you from it, I have some idea what you will do. The string, of course, must not be cut, and you will seriously set about the disentangling of it. One hand assists by holding up, now near the nose, now farther off, your glasses, the other hand pecks at the string. After, say, twenty minutes there will enter the admirable Miss Fox—oh! the tea she used to make for us when we were freezing on the mountains of Bulgaria, what time our Chicagoan millionaire was ruffled and Milyukov, the adventurous professor, standing now not far from

Russia's helm would always drive ahead of us and say with princely gesture that if we suffered from the dust it was advisable that he should be the one to meet the fury of the local lions. But do not let us lose the scent. Miss Fox that woman of resource will cut the *string*. And later on while to her you are dictating things political and while your other secretary is discoursing music mournful Russian music then with many wrinkles on your brow you will hold the hock at arm's length.

"The Serbonian Bog" says Miss Fox repeating the last lines of the dictation.

Your face is held sidewise with what is called I believe a quizzical expression.

Morocco says she viewed from the banks of the Seine is becoming more and more like the Serbonian Bog. Then she waits discreet as always while you think Miss Fox his thoughts are on the Adriatic!

There his boat eleven years ago was sailing underneath a net of stars and he was talking to a fellow traveller. They had been joined at first by common suffering—and how shall mortals find a stronger link? On board that boat there was an elderly American the widow of a senator's brother in law whose mission was she took it to convert those two. What specially attracted her to them was not perhaps that they excelled the other passengers in luridness, but that they

had the privilege of understanding, more or less, her language

“ *Feci quod potui,*” said Dr. Dillon, “ *faciant meliora potentes* ”

She said, and let us hope with truth, that recently a Chinaman, another object of her ministrations, had addressed her as “ Your honour, the foreign devil ” And this caused her to discuss the details of our final journey—in the meantime we have taken many others of a more delightful sort—and she assured us that we should be joined by Chinamen and all those Easterners She had extremely little hope for any of them, and Abu'l-Ala, the Syrian poet, whom Dr Dillon had been putting into English prose,—Abu'l-Ala she steadily refused to read Nor did the prospect of beholding him in English verse evoke a sign of joy upon her countenance “ Oh,” she exclaimed, “ what good is it ? ” And there is naught for me to say but “ *Feci quod potui, faciant meliora potentes* ”

H. B.

NOTE.—Seeing that the vignette which Dr. Dillon has designed for his tapestry and copyrighted by the way was so appropriate I have good reason to let you place it on the cover of this book. It represents the wild winged ^{spirit} of thistles which, while underneath in Arabic, we read that all things pass away.

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EDITORIAL NOTE

THE object of the Editors of this series is a very definite one. They desire above all things that, in their humble way, these books shall be the ambassadors of good will and understanding between East and West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action. In this endeavour, and in their own sphere, they are but followers of the highest example in the land. They are confident that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nation of another creed and colour.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE DIWAN.

God help him who has no home where with to rest, & him who
has no friends.

A NO effort has been made to render in this book some of the poems of Abu'l-Ala the Syrian, who was born 973 years after Jesus Christ and some forty-four before Omar Khayyam. But the life of such a man—his triumph over circumstance, the wisdom he achieved, his unconventionality, his opposition to revealed religion, the sincerity of his religion, his interesting friends at Baghdad and Ma'arrat, the multitude of his disciples, his kindness and cynic pessimism and the reverence which he enjoyed, the glory of his meditations, the renown of his prodigious memory, the fair renown of bending to the toil of public life, not to the laureateship they pressed upon him, but the post of being spokesman at Aleppo for the troubles of his native villagers,—the life of such a one could not be told within the space at our command, it will, with other of his poems, form the subject of a separate volume. What appears advisable is that we should devote this introduction to a com-

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mentary on the poems here translated which we call a *diwan* by the way because they are selected out of all his works. A commentary on the writings of a modern poet is supposed to be superfluous but in the days of Abū l 'Alā of Ma'arrī you were held to pay the highest compliment if an you were yourself a poet you composed a commentary on some other poet's work. Likewise you were held to be a thoughtful person if you gave the world a commentary on your own productions and Abū l 'Alā did not neglect to write upon his *Sikt al-Zand* (The Falling Spark of Tinder) and his *Lozum ma la Yalām* (The Necessity of what is Unnecessary) out of which our *diwan* has been chiefly made. But his elucidations have been lost. And we—this nobody will contradict—have lost the old facility. For instance Hasan ibn Malik ibn Ahu Ḥaṣīdah was one day attending on Mansur the Chamberlain and he displayed a collection of proverbs which Ibn Sirrī had made for the Caliph's delectation.

It is very fine quoth Mansur 'till it wants a commentary. And Hasan in a week returned with a commentary very well written of three hundred couplets. One other observation we shall not be able to present upon these pages a connected narrative a dark companion of the poem which is to the poem as a shadow to the bird. A mediæval Arab would have no desire to see this theory of connection put in practice—no

not even with a poem ; for the lines, to win his admiration, would be as a company of stars much more than as a flying bird Suppose that he produced a poem of a hundred lines, he would perchance make fifty leaps across the universe But if we frown on such discursiveness, he proudly shows us that the hundred lines are all in rhyme This Arab and ourselves—we differ so profoundly “ Yet,” says he, “ if there existed no diversity of sight then would inferior merchandise be left unsold ” And when we put his poem into English, we are careless of the hundred rhymes , we paraphrase—“ Behold the townsmen,” so cried one of the Bedawi, “ they have for the desert but a single word, we have a dozen !”—and we reject, as I have done, the quantitative metre, thinking it far preferable if the metre sings itself into an English ear, as much as possible with that effect the poet wants to give , and we oppose ourselves, however unsuccessfully, to his discursiveness by making alterations in the order of the poem But in this commentary we shall be obliged to leap, like Arabs, from one subject to another And so let us begin

With regard to prayer (*quatrain 1*), the Moslem is indifferent as to whether he perform this function in his chamber or the street, considering that every spot is equally pure for the service of God. And yet the Prophet thought that public worship was to be encouraged , it was not a vague opinion, because he knew it was exactly five-and-twenty

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times more valuable than private prayer. It is related of al Muzani that when he missed being present in the mosque he repeated his prayers twenty five times. He was a diver for subtle ideas said the biographer Ibn Khallikan. And although our poet quoting the Carmathians here deprecates the common worship he remarks in one of his letters that he would have gone to mosque on Fridays if he had not fallen victim to an unmentionable complaint. The pre-Islamic Arabs were accustomed to sacrifice sheep (*quatrain 1*) and other animals in Mecca and elsewhere at various stones which were regarded as idols or as altars of the gods * Sometimes they killed a human being such as the four hundred captive nuns of whom we read that they were sacrificed by al Mundhir to the goddess Aphrodite. Sheep are offered up to day in Palestine for instance if the first wife of a man is barren and the second wife has children then the former vows that in return for a son she will give a lamb. Apparently when it was thought desirable to be particularly solemn a horse was sacrificed and thus we hear of with the Persians Indians and more western people White was held to be the favourable colour so we read in Herodotus (i 189) that the Persians sacrificed white horses. In Sweden it was thought that a black lamb must be dedicated to the water sprite before he would teach any one

* Cf. Lyall, *Ancient Arabian Poets*

to play the harp. As for the subsequent fate of the victim, Burton tells us that the Moslems do not look with favour on its being eaten. Unlike them, Siberian Buriats will sacrifice a sheep and boil the mutton and hoist it on a scaffold for the gods, and chant a song and then consume the meat. So, too, the zealous devil-worshippers of Travancore, whose diet is the putrid flesh of cattle and tigers, together with arrak and toddy and rice, which they have previously offered to their deities.

The words of Abu'l-Ala concerning day and night (*quatrain 2*) may be compared with what he says elsewhere :

These two, young for ever,
Speed into the West—
Our life in their clutches—
And give us no rest

“Generation goeth and generation cometh,” says Ecclesiastes, “while for ever the earth abideth. The sun riseth also and the sun goeth down and cometh panting back to his place where he riseth.” The early dawn, the time of scarlet eyes, was also when the caravan would be attacked. However, to this day the rising sun is worshipped by the Bedawi, despite the prohibition of Mahomet and despite the Moslem dictum that the sun rises between the devil’s horns. Now the divinity of the stars (*quatrain 4*) had been affirmed by Plato and Aristotle; it was said that in the heavenly

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bodies dwelt a ruling intelligence superior to man s and more lasting * And in Islam whose holy house the Kaaba had traditionally been a temple of Saturn we notice that the rationalists invariably connect their faith with the worship of Venus and other heavenly bodies We are told by ash Shahrastani in his *Book of Religious and Philosophical Sects* that the Indians hold Saturn for the greatest luck on account of his height and the size of his body But such was not Abu l Ala s opinion As numb as Saturn he writes in one of his letters † and as dumb as a crab has every one been struck by you Elsewhere he says in verse

If dark the night old Saturn is a flash
Of eyes which threaten from a face of ash.

And the worship of Saturn with other deities is about a hundred years later resented by Clotilda says Gregory of Tours when she is moving Chlodovich her husband to have their son baptized When the little boy dies soon after baptism the husband does not fail to draw a moral But mis fortunes in the language of an Arab poet cling about the wretched even as a coat of mail (quatrain 6) is on the warrior This image was a favourite among the Arabs and when Ibn Khallikan wants to praise the verses of one As Suli he informs us that they have the reputation of delivering from

* Cf Whittaker *The Neo-Platonists*

† Of course I use Professor Margoliouth s superb edition of the letters.

sudden evil any person who recites them frequently. When this evil is complete, with rings strongly riven, it passes away while he thinks that nothing can dispel it . . . We have mention in this quatrain of a winding-sheet, and that could be of linen or of damask. The Caliph Solaiman was so fond of damask that every one, even the cook, was forced to wear it in his presence, and it clothed him in the grave. Yet he, like other Moslems (*quatrain 10*), would believe that he must undergo the fate recorded in a book. The expression that a man's destiny is written on his forehead, had its origin without a doubt, says Goldziher, in India. We have remarked upon the Indian ideas which had been gathered by Abu'l-Ala at Baghdad. There it was that he enjoyed the opportunity of seeing ships (*quatrain 11*). He spent a portion of his youth beside the sea, at Tripoli. But in the capital were many boats whose fascination he would not resist,—the Chinese junks laboriously dragged up from Bassora, and dainty gondolas of basket-work covered with asphalt *. However, though in this place and in others, very frequently, in fact, Abu'l-Ala makes mention of the sea, his fondness of it was, one thinks, for literary purposes. He writes a letter to explain how grieved he is to hear about a friend who purposes to risk himself upon the sea, and he recalls a certain verse “Surely it is better to

* Cf. Thielmann, *Streifzüge im Kaukasus, etc.*

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drink among the sand heaps foul water mixed with pure than to venture on the sea. From Baghdad also he would carry home the Zoroastrian view (*quatrain 14*) that night was primordial and the light created. As a contrast with these foreign importations we have reference (*quatrain 15*) to the lute which was the finest of Arabian instruments. They said themselves that it was invented by a man who flourished in the year 500 B C and added an eighth string to the lyre. Certainly the Arab lute was popular among the Greeks. *απάσιον αρ εγω κεκίνηκα αυλον*, says Menander. It was carried to the rest of Europe by crusaders at the beginning of the twelfth century about which time it first appears in paintings and its form persisted till about a hundred years ago *. But with regard to travels (*quatrain 18*) in the twenty seventh letter of Ahu l Ala I observe says he

that you find fault with travelling. Why so? Ought not a man to be satisfied with following the precedent set by Moses who when he turned towards Midyan said Mayhe the Lord will guide me? (Koran 28 21) Should a man be satisfied with what he hears from the philosopher al Kindi?

In any single existing thing if it is thoroughly known we possess he said a mirror in which we may behold the entire scheme of things (*quatrain 20*). The same philosopher has laid it down that Verily therero is nothing constant in

* Cf. Ambros, *Geschichte der Musik* 1862.

this world of coming and going (*quatrain* 24), in which we may be deprived at any moment of what we love. Only in the world of reason is stability to be found. If then we desire to see our wishes fulfilled and would not be robbed of what is dear to us, we must turn to the eternal blessings of reason, to the fear of God, to science and to good works. But if we follow merely after material possessions in the belief that we can retain them, we are pursuing an object which does not really exist." And this idea of transitoriness prevails so generally among the Arabs that the salad-seller recommends his transitory wares to pious folk by calling, "God is that which does not pass away!" So, too, the Arab pictures as a bird, a thing of transience, the human soul. In Syria the dove is often carved upon their ancient tombstones. And the Longobards among their graves erected poles in memory of kinsfolk who had died abroad or had been slain in battle, on the summit of the pole was a wooden image of a dove, whose head was pointed in the direction where the loved one lay buried. With us, as with Abu'l-Ala (*quatrain* 26), the soul may metaphorically be imagined as a bird, but for the European's ancestor it was a thing of sober earnest, as it is to-day to many peoples. Thus the soul of Aristaeus was seen to issue from his mouth in the shape of a raven.^{*} In Southern Celebes they think that a bridegroom's

soul is apt to fly away at marriage wherefore coloured rice is scattered over him to induce it to remain And as a rule at festivals in South Celebes rice is strewed on the head of the person in whose honour the festival is held with the object of detaining his soul which at such times is in especial danger of being lured away by envious demons * This metaphor was used by Abu l Ala in the letter which he wrote on the death of his mother I say to my soul This is not your nest fly away And elsewhere (*quatrain 34*) Death is represented as a reaper Says Francis Thompson

The goodly grain and the sun flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps and Time the reaper

It is interesting to find Death also called a sower who disseminates weeds among men Do der Töt sinen Samen under si gesete

It was an ancient custom of the Arabs when they took an oath of special significance to plunge their hands into a bowl of perfume and distribute it among those who took part in the ceremony Of the perfumes musk (*quatrain 38*) was one which they affected most Brought commonly from Turkistan it was with certain quantities of sandal wood and ambra made into a perfume And

the wounds of him who falls in battle and of the martyrs said Mahomet shall on the Day of Judgment be resplendent with vermilion and

* Frazer *The Golden Bough*, vol I. p. 451.

odorous as musk." This was repeated by Ibnol Faradhi, who in the Kaaba entreated God for martyrdom and, when this prayer was heard, repented having asked . This quatrain goes on to allude to things which can improve by being struck. There is in the third book of a work on cookery (so rare a thing, they tell us, that no MS of it exists in England or in any other country that can be heard of) an observation by the eighteenth-century editor to the effect that it is a vulgar error to suppose that walnut-trees, like Russian wives, are all the better for a beating , the long poles and stones which are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, for the trees are very high, are used rather out of kindness to themselves than with any regard to the tree that bears it This valued treatise, we may mention, is ascribed to Cœlius Apicius, its science, learning, and discipline were extremely condemned, and even abhorred by Seneca and the Stoics .. Aloes-wood does not emit a perfume until it is burned :

Lo ! of hundreds who aspire
Eighties perish—nineties tire !

They who bear up, in spite of wrecks and wracks,
Were season'd by celestial hail of thwacks

Fortune in this mortal race
Builds on thwackings for its base ,
Thus the All-Wise doth make a flail a staff,
And separates his heavenly corn from chaff *

* Meredith, *The Shaving of Shagpat*

Reward may follow on such absolute obedience (*quatrain 40*) We remember what is said by Fra Giovanni in the prison of Viterbo * Endurez souffrez acceptez veuillez ce que Dieu veut et votre volonté sera faite sur la terre comme au ciel And perhaps the dawn for you may be your camel's dawn (*quatrain 41*) it was usual for Arahs on the point of death to say to their sons

Bury my steed with me so that when I rise from the grave I will not have to go on foot The camel was tied with its head towards its hind legs a saddle-cloth was wrapped about its neck and it was left beside the grave until it died Meanwhile if the master is a true believer says Mahomet his soul has been divided from the body by Azrael the angel of death Afterwards the body is commanded to sit upright in the grave there to be examined by the two black angels Monkar and Nakyr (*quatrain 42*) with regard to his faith the unity of God and the mission of Mahomet If the answers be correct the body stays in peace and is refreshed by the air of paradise if incorrect these angels beat the corpse upon his temples with iron maces until he roars out for anguish so loudly that he is heard by all from east to west except by men and jinn Ahu'l Ala had little confidence in these two angels he reminds one of St Catherine of Sienna a visionary with uncommon sense who at the age of eight

* Anatole France, *Le Puits de Sainte Clotilde*.

ran off one afternoon to be a hermit. She was careful to provide herself with bread and water, fearing that the angels would forget to bring her food, and at nightfall she ran home again because she was afraid her parents would be anxious. With regard to the angel of death, Avicenna has related that the soul, like a bird, escapes with much trouble from the snares of earth (*quatrain 43*), until this angel delivers it from the last of its fetters. We think of the goddess Rân with her net. Death is imagined (*quatrain 44*) as a fowler or fisher of men, thus: "Dô kam der Tôt als ein diep, und stal dem reinen wîbe daz leben úz ir libe" *.

On account of its brilliance a weapon's edge (*quatrain 46*) has been compared in Arab poetry with sunlit glass, with the torch of a monk, with the stars and with the flame in a dark night. Nor would an Arab turn to picturesque comparisons in poetry alone. Speaking of a certain letter, Abu'l-Ala assures the man who wrote it that "it proceeds from the residence of the great doctor who holds the reins of prose and verse" (*quatrain 50*). Now with regard to glass, it was a very ancient industry among the Arabs. In the second century of the Hegira it was so far advanced that they could make enamelled glass and unite in one glass different colours. A certain skilled chemist of the period was not only expert in these processes

* Quoted by Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, vol 2, p 845

(quatrain 52), hnt even tried to make of glass false pearls whereon he published a pamphlet

Death from being a silent messenger who punctually fulfilled his duty became a grasping greedy foe (quatrain 56) In the Psalms (xc: 3-6) he comes as a hunter with snares and arrows Also der Tot wil mit mir ringen. * In ancient times Death was not a being that slew hnt simply one that fetched away to the underworld a messenger So wae the soul of the beggar fetched away by angels and carried into Abraham's bosom An older view was the death-goddess who receives the dead men in her house and does not fetch them They are left alone to begin the long and gloomy journey provided with various things † Chacun remonte à son tour le calvaire des siècles Chacun retrouve les peines chacun retrouve l espoir désespéré et la folie des siècles Chacun remet ses pas dans les pas de ceux qui furent de ceux qui lutterent avant lui contre la mort nierant la mort —sontmorts ‡ (quatrain 57) It is the same for men and trees (quatrain 59) This vision of Abu I Ala's is to be compared with Milton's men as trees walking 'a kind of second sight a blind man's pageant In reference to haughty folk an Arab proverb says that There is not a poplar which has reached its Lord "

* Stoufenb. 1126

† Cf in Scandinavia the death goddess Hel.

‡ Romain Rolland, *Jean Christophe*.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DIWAN

But on the other hand, "There are some vir
which dig their own graves," * and with reg
to excessive polishing of swords (*quatrain 60*)
have the story of the poet Abu Tammam, rel
by Ibn Khallikan. He tells us how the poet
recited verses in the presence of some people,
how one of them was a philosopher who
"This man will not live long, for I have seen
him a sharpness of wit and penetration and in
gence. From this I know that the mind
consume the body, even as a sword of Indian
eats through its scabbard." Still, in Ar
where swords were so generally used that a p
would strap one to his belt before he went
the pulpit, there was no unanimous opinion
the polishing,—which, by the way, was done
wood. A poet boasted that his sword was
or was rarely polished, according as he wish
emphasise the large amount of work accom
or the excellence of the polishing. Imru'a
says that his sword does not recall the day
it was polished. Another poet says his sw
polished every day and "with a fresh tooth
off the people's heads" †. This vigour of e
sion was not only used for concrete su
There exists a poem, dating from a littl
before Mahomet, which says that cares (q)

* Ella d'Arcy, *Modern Instances*

† Dr Friedrich Wilhelm Schwanck, *Die Mag*

62) are like the camels roaming in the daytime on the distant pastures and at night returning to the camp. They would collect as warriors round the flag. It was the custom for each family to have a flag (*quatrain 65*) a cloth fastened to a lance round which it gathered. Mahomet's big standard was called the Eagle—and by the bye his seven swords had names such as possessor of the spine.

With *quatrain 68* we may compare the verses of a Christian poet quoted by Tabari

And where is now the lord of Hadr he that built it and laid taxes on the land of Tigris ?
 A house of marble he established, whereof the covering was made of plaster in the galbes were the nests of birds. He feared no sorry fate. See the dominion of him has departed. Loneliness is on his threshold.

' Consider how you treat the poor said Dshafer hen Mahomet who pilgrimaged from Mecca to Baghdad between fifty and sixty times they are the treasures of this world the keys of the other Take care lest it hefall you as the prince (*quatrain 69*) within whose palace now the wind is reigning

If a prince would be successful says Machiavelli it is requisite that he should have a spirit capable of turns and variations in accordance with the variations of the wind Says an Arab mystic

The sighing of a poor man for that which he can never reach has more of value than the praying

of a rich man through a thousand years" And in connection with this quatrain we may quote Blunt's rendering of Zohair:

I have learned that he who giveth nothing, deaf to his
friends' beggary,
loosed shall be to the world's tooth-strokers, fools'
feet shall tread on him

As for the power of the weak, we have some instances from Abbaside history. One of the caliphs wanted to do deeds of violence in Baghdad. Scornfully he asked of his opponents if they could prevent him. "Yes," they answered, "we will fight you with the arrows of the night." And he desisted from his plans. Prayers, complaints, and execrations which the guiltless, fighting his oppressor, sends up to heaven are called the arrows of the night and are, the Arabs tell us, invariably successful. This belief may solace you for the foundation of suffering (*quatrain* 71), which, by the way, is also in the philosophic system of Zeno the Stoic. Taking the four elements of Empedocles, he says that three of them are passive, or suffering, elements while only fire is active, and that not wholly. It was Zeno's opinion that everything must be active or must suffer. An explanation for our suffering is given by Soame Jenyns, who flourished in the days when, as his editor could write, referring to his father Sir Roger Jenyns, "the order of knighthood was received by gentlemen with the profoundest

gratitude' Soame's thesis in his "Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil" that human sufferings are compensated by the enjoyment possibly experienced by some higher order of beings which inflict them is ridiculed by Samuel Johnson. We have Jenyns's assurance that

To all inferior animals is given
To enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n.

And (*quatrain* 75) we may profitably turn to Coleridge

Oh what a wonder seems the fear of death!
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep
Babes children youths and men
Night following night, for threescore years and ten.

We should be reconciled says Abu'l Ala (*quatrain* 76) even to the Christian kings of Ghassan in the Hauran. These were the hereditary enemies of the Kings of Hirah. On behalf of the Greek emperors of Constantinople they controlled the Syrian Arabs. But they disappeared before the triumphant Moslems the last of their kings being Jabalah II who was dethroned in the year 637. His capital was Bosra on the road between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean. Nowadays the district is chiefly occupied by nomads, to the Hebrews it was known as Basban famous for its flocks and oak plantations. We can still discern the traces of troglodyte dwellings of this

epoch The afore-mentioned Jabalah was a convert to Islam, but, being insulted by a Mahometan, he returned to Christianity and betook himself to Constantinople, where he died. But in the time of Abu'l-Ala, the Ghassanites were again in the exercise of authority. "These were the kings of Ghassan," says Abu'l-Ala, "who followed the course of the dead; each of them is now but a tale that is told, and God knows who is good." A poet is a liar, say the Arabs, and the greatest poet is the greatest liar. But in this case Abu'l-Ala in prose was not so truthful as in poetry; for if Jabalah's house had vanished, the Ghassanites were still a power. The poet, for our consolation, has a simile (*quatrain 77*) that may be put against a passage of Homer.

As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor,
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls *

For everything there is decay, and (*quatrain 78*)
for the striped garment of a long cut which now
we are unable to identify

We read in the Wisdom of Solomon: "As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through." In this

* Pope, *Iliad*, xx 577.

place (*quatrain* 84) if the weapon's road of air is not in vain it will discover justice in the sky How much the Arahs were averse from frigid justice is to be observed in the matter of recompence for slaying There existed a regular tariff—so many camels or dates—but they looked askance upon the person who was willing to accept this and forgo his vengeance If a man was anxious to accept a gift as satisfaction and at the same time to escape reproach he shot an arrow into the air Should it come down unspotted he was able to accept the gift if it was bloody then he was obliged to seek for blood The Arahs by the way had been addicted to an ancient game but Islam tried to stamp this out like other joys of life The players had ten arrows which they shot into the air seven of them bestowed a right to the portion of a camel the other three did not Ahu'l Ala was fond of using arrows metaphorically

And if one child he writes to a distinguished sheikh were to ask another in the dead of night in a discussion Who is rewarded for staying at home many times what he would be rewarded for going on either pilgrimage? and the second lad answered Mahomet son of Sa'id his arrow would have fallen near the mark for your protection of your subjects (*quatrain* 86) is a greater duty than either pilgrimage ' And our poet calls to mind some benefits attached to slavery (*quatrain* 88) for an offence against morals

the Persian Gulf—we learn that when they entered a village he and his party were greeted by the crowing of cocks and the shaking of wooden rattles (*quatrain 95*) which in the Eastern Christian Churches are substituted for bells. And the mediæval leper in his grey gown was obliged to hold a similar object waving it about and crying as he went “Unclean! unclean!”

An ambitious man desired regardless of expense to hand down his name to posterity (*quatrain 99*) “Write your name in a prayer” said Epictetus “and it will remain after you.” But I would have a crown of gold was the reply. If you have quite made up your mind to have a crown said Epictetus take a crown of roses for it is more beautiful.” In the words of Heredia

Déjà le Temps brandit l'arme fatale. As tu
L'espoir d'éterniser le bruit de ta vertu ?
Un vil heros suffit à disjoindre un trophée

Et seul aux blocs épars des marbres triomphaux
Ou ta gloire en ruine est par l'herbe étouffée
Quelque faucheur Samnite ébréchera sa faulx.

Would we write our names so that they endure for ever? There was in certain Arab circles a heresy which held that the letters of the alphabet (*quatrain 101*) are metamorphoses of men. And Magaïra who founded a sect maintained that the letters of the alphabet are like limbs of God. According to him when God wished to create

the world, He wrote with His own hands the deeds of men, both the good and the bad ; but, at sight of the sins which men were going to commit, He entered into such a fury that He sweated, and from His sweat two seas were formed, the one of salt water and the other of sweet water. From the first one the infidels were formed, and from the second the Shi'ites. But to this view of the everlasting question you may possibly prefer what is advanced (*quatrains* 103-7) and paraphrased as an episode. Whatever be the wisdom of the worms, we bow before the silence of the rose. As for Abu'l-Ala, we leave him now prostrated (*quatrain* 108) before the silence of the rolling world. It is a splendour that was seen by Alfred de Vigny.

Je roule avec dédain, sans voir et sans entendre,
 A côté des fourmis les populations,
 Je ne distingue pas leur terrier de leur cendre,
 J'ignore en les portant les noms des nations
 On me dit une mère et je suis une tombe
 Mon hiver prend vos morts comme son hécatombe,
 Mon printemps n'entend pas vos adorations

Avant vous j'étais belle et toujours parfumée,
 J'abandonnais au vent mes cheveux tout entiers . . .

THE DIWAN OF ABU'L-ALA

I

Abandon worship in the mosque and shrink
From idle prayer from sacrificial sheep
For Destiny will bring the bowl of sleep
Or bowl of tribulation——you shall drink.

II

The scarlet eyes of Morning are pursued
By Night who growls along the narrow lane
But as they crash upon our world the twain
Devour us and are strengthened for the feud

III

Vain are your dreams of marvellous omprise
Vainly you sail among uncharted spaces
Vainly seek harbour in this world of faces
If it has been determined otherwise

IV

Behold, my friends, there is reserved for me
 The splendour of our traffic with the sky
 You pay your court to Saturn, whereas I
 Am slain by One far mightier than he.

V

You that must travel with a weary load
 Along this darkling, labyrinthine street—
 Have men with torches at your head and feet
 If you would pass the dangers of the road.

VI

So shall you find all armour incomplete
 And open to the whips of circumstance,
 That so shall you be girdled of mischance
 Till you be folded in the winding-sheet.

VII

Have conversation with the wind that goes
 Bearing a pack of loveliness and pain .
 The golden exultation of the grain
 And the last, sacred whisper of the rose

VIII

But if in some enchanted garden bloom
 The rose imperial that will not fade,
 Ah ! shall I go with desecrating spade
 And underneath her glories build a tomb ?

IX

Shall I that am as dust upon the plain
 Think with unloosened hurricanes to fight ?
 Or shall I that was ravished from the night
 Fall on the hosom of the night again ?

X

Endure I and if you rashly would unfold
 That manuscript whereon our lives are traced
 Recall the stream which carols thro' the waste
 And in the dark is rich with alien gold.

XI

Myself did linger by the ragged beach
 Whereat wave after wave did rise and curl
 And as they fell they fell—I saw them hurl
 A message far more eloquent than speech

XII

*We that with song our pilgrimage beguile
 With purple islands which a sunset bore
 We sunk upon the sacrilegious shore,
 May parley with oblivion awhile*

XIII

I would not have you keep nor idly flaunt
 What may be gathered from the gracious land
 But I would have you sow with sleepless hand
 The virtues that will balance your account

XIV

The days are dressing all of us in white,
 For him who will suspend us in a row
 But for the sun there is no death I know
 The centuries are morsels of the night.

XV

A deed magnanimous, a noble thought
 Are as the music singing thro' the years
 When surly Time the tyrant domineers
 Against the lute whereout of it was wrought.

XVI

Now to the Master of the World resign
 Whatever touches you, what is prepared,
 For many sons of wisdom are ensnared
 And many fools in happiness recline.

XVII

Long have I tarried where the waters roll
 From undeciphered caverns of the main,
 And I have searched, and I have searched in vain,
 Where I could drown the sorrows of my soul.

XVIII

If I have harboured love within my breast,
 'Twas for my comrades of the dusty day,
 Who with me watched the loitering stars at play,
 Who bore the burden of the same unrest.

XIX

For once the witcheries a maiden flung——

Then afterwards I knew she was the bride
Of Death and as he came so tender eyed
I—I rebuked him roundly being young

XX

Yet if all things that vanish in their noon

Are but the part of some eternal scheme

Of what the nightingale may chance to dream
Or what the lotus murmurs to the moon!

XXI

Have I not heard sagacious ones repeat

An irresistibly grim argument

That we for all our blustering content
Are as the silent shadows at our feet

XXII

Aye when the torch is low and we prepare

Beyond the notes of revelry to pass——

Old Silence will keep watch upon the grass,
The solemn shadows will assemble there

XXIII

No Sultan at his pleasure shall erect

A dwelling less obedient to decay

Than I whom all the mysteries obey
Build with the twilight for an architect

xxiv

Dark leans to dark ! the passions of a man
 Are twined about all transitory things,
 For verily the child of wisdom clings
 More unto dreamland than Arabistan.

xxv

Death leans to death ! nor shall your vigilance
 Prevent him from whate'er he would possess,
 Nor, brother, shall unfilial peevishness
 Prevent you from the grand inheritance.

xxvi

Farewell, my soul !—bird in the narrow jail
 Who cannot sing. The door is opened ! Fly !
 Ah, soon you stop, and looking down you cry
 The saddest song of all, poor nightingale.

xxvii

Our fortune is like mariners to float
 Amid the perils of dim waterways ;
 Shall then our seamanship have aught of praise
 If the great anchor drags behind the boat ?

xxviii

Ah ! let the burial of yesterday,
 Of yesterday be ruthlessly decreed,
 And, if you will, refuse the mourner's reed,
 And, if you will, plant cypress in the way.

XXIX

As little shall it serve you in the fight
 If you remonstrate with the storming seas,
 As if you querulously sigh to these
 Of some imagined haven of delight

XXX

Steed of my soul ! when you and I were young
 We lived to cleave as arrows thro' the night —
 Now there is taken from me the last of light,
 And wheresoe'er I gaze a veil is hung

XXXI

No longer as a wreck shall I be hurled
 Where beacons lure the fascinated helm,
 For I have been admitted to the realm
 Of darkness that encompasses the world.

XXXII

Man has been thought superior to the swarm
 Of ruminating cows of witless foals
 Who crouching when the voice of thunder rolls,
 Are banqueted upon a thunderstorm.

XXXIII

But shall the fearing eyes of humankind
 Have peeped beyond the curtain and excol
 The boldness of a wondering gazelle
 Or of a bird imprisoned in the wind ?

XXXIV

Ah ! never may we hope to win release
 Before we that unripeness overthrow, —
 So must the corn in agitation grow
 Before the sickle sings the songs of peace.

XXXV

Lo ! there are many ways and many traps
 And many guides, and which of them is lord ?
 For verily Mahomet has the sword,
 And he may have the truth—perhaps ! *perhaps !*

XXXVI

Now this religion happens to prevail
 Until by that religion overthrown, —
 Because men dare not live with men alone,
 But always with another fairy-tale.

XXXVII

Religion is a charming girl, I say ,
 But over this poor threshold will not pass,
 For I may not unveil her, and alas !
 The bridal gift I can't afford to pay.

XXXVIII

Live through the days of dreariness. Behold !
 Your musk is odorous the more I beat
 So will hard rains your hardest soil defeat
 And from your oleanders draw the gold.

XXXIX

For as a gate of sorrow land unbars
 The region of unfaltering delight
 So may you gather from the fields of night
 That harvest of diviner thought the stars

XL

Send into banishment whatever blows
 Across the waves of your tempestuous heart
 Let every wish save Allah a wish depart
 And you will have ineffable repose

XLI

My faith it is that all the wanton pack
 Of living shall be—hush poor heart!—with
 drawn
 As even to the camel comes a dawn
 Without a burden for his wounded back

XLII

If there should be some truth in what they teach
 Of unrelenting Monkar and Nakyr
 Before whose throne all buried men appear—
 Then give me to the vultures I beseech

XLIII

Some yellow sand all hunger shall assuage
 And for my thirst no cloud have need to roll
 And ah! the drooping bird which is my soul
 No longer shall he prisoned in the cage

XLIV

Life is a flame that flickers in the wind,
 A bird that crouches in the fowler's net—
 Nor may between her flutterings forget
 That hour the dreams of youth were unconfin'd.

XLV

There was a time when I was fain to guess
 The riddles of our life, when I would soar
 Against the cruel secrets of the door,
 So that I fell to deeper loneliness

XLVI

One is behind the draperies of life,
 One who will tear these tanglements away—
 No dark assassin, for the dawn of day
 Leaps out, as leapeth laughter, from the knife.

XLVII

If you will do some deed before you die,
 Remember not this caravan of death,
 But have belief that every little breath
 Will stay with you for an eternity.

XLVIII

Astrologers!—give ear to what they say!
 “The stars be words, they float on heaven's
 breath
 And faithfully reveal the days of death,
 And surely will reveal that longer day.”

XLIX

I shook the trees of knowledge Ah ! the fruit
 Was fair upon the bleakness of the soil
 I filled a hundred vessels with my spoil
 And then I rested from the grand pursuit

L

Alas ! I took me servants I was proud
 Of prose and of the neat the cunning rhyme
 But all their inclination was the crime
 Of scattering my treasure to the crowd

LI

And yet—and yet this very seed I throw
 May rise aloft a brother of the bird
 Uncaring if his melodies are heard—
 Or shall I not hear anything below ?

LII

The glazier ont of sounding Erzorûm
 Frequented us and softly would conspire
 Upon our broken glass with blue-red fire
 As one might lift a pale thing from the tomb

LIII

He was the glazier ont of Erzerûm
 Whose wizardry would make the children
 cry—
 There will be no such wizardry when I
 Am broken by the chariot-whools of Doom

LIV

The chariot-wheels of Doom ! Now, hear them roll
 Across the desert and the noisy mart,
 Across the silent places of your heart——
 Smile on the driver you will not cajole.

LV

I never look upon the placid plain
 But I must think of those who lived before
 And gave their quantities of sweat and gore,
 And went and will not travel back again.

LVI

Aye ! verily, the fields of blandishment
 Where shepherds meditate among their cattle,
 Those are the direst of the fields of battle,
 For in the victor's train there is no tent.

LVII

Where are the doctors who were nobly fired
 And loved their toil because we ventured not,
 Who spent their lives in searching for the spot
 To which the generations have retired ?

LVIII

“ Great is your soul,”—these are the words they
 preach,—
 “ It passes from your framework to the frame
 Of others, and upon this road of shame
 Turns purer and more pure ”—Oh, let them teach!

LIX

I look on men as I would look on trees
 That may be writing in the purple dome
 Romantic lines of black and are at home
 Where lie the little garden hosteries

LX

Live well ! Be wary of this life I say
 Do not overload yourself with righteousness
 Behold ! the sword we polish in excess,
 We gradually polish it away

LXI

God who created metal is the same
 Who will devour it As the warriors ride
 With iron horses and with iron pride——
 Come, let us laugh into the merry flame

LXII

But for the grandest flame our God prepares
 The breast of man which is the grandest urn ,
 Yet is that flame so powerless to burn
 Those butterflies, the swarm of little cares

LXIII

And if you find a solitary sage
 Who teaches what is truth—ah then yon find
 The lord of men the guardian of the wind,
 The victor of all armies and of age

LXIV

See that procession passing down the street,
 The black and white procession of the days—
 Far better dance along and bawl your praise
 Than if you follow with unwilling feet.

LXV

But in the noisy ranks you will forget
 What is the flag Oh, comrade, fall aside
 And think a little moment of the pride
 Of yonder sun, think of the twilight's net.

LXVI

The songs we fashion from our new delight
 Are echoes When the first of men sang out,
 He shuddered, hearing not alone the shout
 Of hills but of the peoples in the night.

LXVII

And all the marvels that our eyes behold
 Are pictures There has happened some event
 For each of them, and this they represent—
 Our lives are like a tale that has been told.

LXVIII

There is a palace, and the ruined wall
 Divides the sand, a very home of tears,
 And where love whispered of a thousand years
 The silken-footed caterpillars crawl.

LXIX

And where the Prince commanded now the shriek
 Of wind is flying through the court of state
 Here it proclaims there dwelt a potentate
 Who could not hear the sobbing of the weak '

LXX

Beneath our palaces the corner stone
 Is quaking What of noble we possess
 In love or courage or in tenderness
 Can rise from our infirmities alone

LXXI

We suffer—that we know and that is all
 Our knowledge If we recklessly should strain
 To sweep aside the solid rocks of pain
 Then would the domes of love and courage fall

LXXII

But there is one who trembles at the touch
 Of sorrow less than all of yon for he
 Has got the care of no big treasury
 And with regard to wits not overmuch

LXXIII

I think our world is not a place of rest
 But where a man may take his little ease,
 Until the landlord whom he never sees
 Gives that apartment to another guest

LXXXIV

Say that you come to life as 'twere a feast,
 Prepared to pay whatever is the bill
 Of death or tears or—surely, friend, you will
 Not shrink at death, which is among the least ?

LXXXV

Rise up against your troubles, cast away
 What is too great for mortal man to bear.
 But seize no foolish arms against the share
 Which you the piteous mortal have to pay

LXXXVI

Be gracious to the King. You cannot feign
 That nobody was tyrant, that the sword
 Of justice always gave the just award
 Before these Ghassanites began to reign.

LXXXVII

You cultivate the ranks of golden grain,
 He cultivates the cavaliers They go
 With him careering on some other foe,
 And your battalions will be staunch again.

LXXXVIII

The good law and the bad law disappear
 Below the flood of custom, or they float
 And, like the wonderful Sar'aby coat,
 They captivate us for a little year.

LXXXIX

God pities him who pities Ah pursue
 No longer now the children of the wood
 Or have you not poor huntsman understood
 That somebody is overtaking yon ?

LXXX

God is above We never shall attain
 Our liberty from hands that overshroud,
 Or can we shake aside this heavy cloud
 More than a slave can shake aside the chain ?

LXXXI

‘ There is no God save Allah ! ’—that is true
 Nor is there any prophet save the mind
 Of man who wanders through the dark to find
 The Paradise that is in me and you

LXXXII

The rolling ever rolling years of time
 Are as a diwan of Arabian song
 The poet headstroog and supremely strong
 Refuses to repeat a single rhyme

LXXXIII

An archer took an arrow in his hand
 So fair he sent it singing to the sky
 That he brought jnstice down from—ah, so high!
 He was an archer in the morning land

LXXXIV

The man who shot his arrow from the west
 Made empty roads of air, yet have I thought
 Our life was happier until we brought
 This cold one of the skies to rule the nest.

LXXXV

Run ! follow, follow happiness, the maid
 Whose laughter is the laughing waterfall ;
 Run ! call to her—but if no maiden call,
 'Tis something to have loved the flying shade.

LXXXVI

You strut in piety the while you take
 That pilgrimage to Mecca Now beware,
 For starving relatives befoul the air,
 And curse, O fool, the threshold you forsake.

LXXXVII

How man is made ! He staggers at the voice,
 The little voice that leads one to the land
 Of virtue, but, on hearing the command
 To lead a giant army, will rejoice.

LXXXVIII

Behold the cup whereon your slave has trod ;
 That is what every cup is falling to
 Your slave—remember that he lives by you,
 While in the form of him we bow to God.

LXXXIX

The lowliest of the people is the lord
 Who knows not where each day to make his bed,
 Whose crown is kept upon the royal head
 By that poor naked minister the sword

xo

Which is the tyrant ? say you Well tis he
 That has the vine-leaf strewn among his hair
 And will deliver countries to the care
 Of courtesans—but I am vague, you see

xci

The dwellers of the city will oppress
 Your days the lion a fight-thirsty fool
 The fox who wears the robe of men that rule—
 So run with me towards the wilderness

xcii

Our wilderness will be the laughing land
 Where nuts are hung for us where nodding peas
 Are wild enough to press about our knees,
 And water fills the hollow of our hand

xciii

My village is the loneliness and I
 Am as the ploughman of the devil's farm,
 Who for a moment sees the warning arm
 Of one who breasted up the rock their spy

XCIV

Where is the valiance of the folk who sing
 These valiant stories of the world to come ?
 Which they describe, forsooth ! as if it swum
 In air and anchored with a yard of string.

XCV

Two merchantmen decided they would battle,
 To prove at last who sold the finest wares ,
 And while Mahomet shrieked his call to prayers,
 The true Messiah waved his wooden rattle

XCVI

Perchance the world is nothing, is a place
 Of dream, and what the dreamland people say
 We sedulously note, and we and they
 May be the shadows of a shining race.

XCVII

Zohair the poet sang of loveliness
 Which is the flight of things Oh, meditate
 Upon the sorrows of our earthly state,
 For what is lovely we may not possess.

XCVIII

Heigho ! the splendid air is full of wings,
 And they will take us to the——friend, be wise
 For if you navigate among the skies
 You too may reach the subterranean kings.

XCIX

Now fear the rose ! You travel to the gloom
 Of which the roses eing and eing so fair
 And but for them you d bave a certain share
 In life your name be read upon the tomb

C

There is a tower of eilence and the bell
 Moves up—another man is made to be
 For certain years they move in company
 But you when fails your eong do fail as well

CI

No sword will summon Death and he will stay
 For neither helm nor ehielid his falling rod
 We are the crooked alphabet of God,
 And He will read us ere be wipes away

CII

How strange that we perambulating dust
 Should be the vessels of eternal fire
 That such unfading passion of desire
 Should be within our fading bodies thrust

CIII

*Deep in a silent chamber of the rose
 There was a fattenend worm He looked around,
 Espied a relative and spoke at him
 It seems to me this world is very good*

CV

*A most unlovely world, staid brother worm,
For all of us are pitious prisoners
And if, declared the first, your thought is true,
And this a prison be, methinks it well*

CV

*So well that I shall weave a song of praise
And thankfulness because the world was wrought
For us and with such providential care—
My brother, I will shame you into singing.*

CVI

*Then, cried the second, I shall raise a voice
And see what poor apologies are made
And so they sang, these two, for many days,
And while they sang the rose was beautiful.*

CVII

*But this affected not the songful ones,
And evermore in beauty lived the rose.
And when the worms were old and wiser too,
They fell to silence and humility.*

CVIII

*A night of silence ! 'Twas the swinging sea
And this our world of darkness And the twain
Rolled on below the stars , they flung a chain
Around the silences which are in me.*

OIX

The shadows come and they will come to bless
Their brother and his dwelling and his fame,
When I shall soil no more with any blame
Or any praise the silence I possess

APPENDIX

ON THE NAME ABU'L-ALA

A RAB names have always been a stumbling-block, and centuries ago there was a treatise written which was called "The Tearing of the Veil from before Names and Patronymics" Abu Bakr Ahmad ibn Jarit al-Misri is a fair example of the nomenclature, here we have the patronymic (Abu Bakr—father of Bakr), the personal name (Ahmad), the surname (ibn Jarit—son of Jarit), and the ethnic name (al-Misri—native of Egypt). In addition, they made use of fancy names if they were poets (such as Ssorrdorr, the sack of pearls, who died in the year 1072), names connoting kindred, habitation (such as Ahmad al-Maidani, the great collector of proverbs, who lived near the Maidan, the race-course of Naisapur), faith or trade or personal defects (such as a caliph who was called the father of flies, since on account of his offensive breath no fly would rest upon his lip), and finally they gave each other names of honour (such as sword of the empire, helper of the empire, etc.). Then the

caliph gave as a distinction double titles and when these became too common triple titles (In this way says al Biruni the matter is opposed to sense and clumsy to the last degree so that a man who says the titles is fatigued when he has scarcely started and he runs the risk of being late for prayer) The patronymic was of all of these the most in favour At first it was assumed when the eldest son was born when Bakr came into the world his father took the name of Ahu Bakr and acquired a new importance This was not by any means peculiar to the Arahs O Queen says Das, a king of Indian folk-song O Queen the name of childless has departed from me When the Arah had no son he used an honorific patronymic (such as Abu l Ala father of excellence or Abu l Feda father of redemption) At times this manufactured patronymic was a thing of mockery more or less gentle (such as a companion of the Prophet who was fond of cats and was entitled ' father of the cat ') The prevalence among the Arahs of the patronymic is immediately noticed, (a camel is the father of Job, a strongly built person is the father of the locust a licentious person is the father of night and there are multitudes of such formations) With regard to surnames it was not the custom always for them to denote that so-and so was the son of his father's family " Who is your father ? " says an Arab

to the mule, and he replies, "The horse is my maternal uncle." So there are some people who, for shame, prefer that we should think of them as members of their mother's family. . . .

The following additional quatrains may be quoted.

Unrushing have we come,—too late, too soon
Unrushing from this plot of earth are sent.
But we, the sons of noble discontent,
Use half our lives in asking for the moon.

Some day some day the potter shall return
Into the dust O potter will you make
An earth which I would not refuse to take
Or such unpleasant earth as you would spurn ?

Then out of that—men swear with godly skill—
Perchance another potter may devise 
Another pot a piece of merchandise
Which they can love and break if so they will

And from a resting place you may be hurled
And from a score of countries may be thrust—
Poor brother yon the freeman of the dust,
Like any slave are flung about the world.

To take the names of contributors at random, there were Walter Scott, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth, with a poem, W E Gladstone, the late Lord Salisbury in his Robert Cecil days, the Earl of Shaftesbury, who used the QUARTERLY as the instrument for urging the reforms of factories, "Nimrod," Croker, Ruskin, Charles Lamb, Kinglake, "Jacob Omnum," Dean Stanley, M Guizot, Professor Owen, Sir W Herschel, Theodore Hook, Abraham Hayward, Algernon Charles Swinburne, whose essay on Dickens broke the rule of anonymity, Thackeray, Sir Henry Layard, Bishop Wilberforce, and George Borrow

That list of famous names, casually set down, is proof positive of the outstanding excellence and authority of the QUARTERLY from the beginning, and that this high standard has been, and is being maintained in the articles and the high repute of its writers at the present time, is proved by the position it holds.

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